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**Sedition**

In Madison Square Garden last Friday night—

Mr. John Reed, of Harvard, a self-exalting young egotist who subsists upon the literary profession of radicalism; Mr. Max Eastman, whose personal magazine is in chronic danger of suppression by the postal authorities in peace time for alleged obscenity and by the Department of Justice in war time for alleged sedition;

Rose Pastor Stokes, at large on bail, being under sentence for violating the espionage act;

Ben Reitman, anarchist;

James Larkin;

Socialist Assemblyman Gitlow;

Alexander Stokely, editor of a Bolshevik Russian newspaper in New York;

L. C. A. K. Martens, the unrecognized "Ambassador" of Lenin's Soviet Russia to the United States, and several thousand violent-minded persons, naturalized, alien and native—all these together held a mass meeting to denounce the government and the state and the local police as powers of darkness, tyranny, oppression and intolerance.

They hissed the President of the United States.

They advocated revolution.

They called for a dictatorship of the proletariat.

Hatreds brought from the Old World were fanned into high contagion. Thoughts were set destructively against the American environment. The foul suggestion of mob violence and revenge was cunningly propagated. Soviet Russia was cheered. There is an American casualty list from Soviet Russia, but what of that?

It was a fine night's work for Lenin's Ambassador. He earns his pay.

We are so stupid as to allow him to put it over; he is not to be blamed. He ought simply to be deported.

But we wonder what kind of night's work it was for Mr. John Reed and Mr. Max Eastman. They have not even the excuse of Rose Pastor Stokes, who is a reckless, headlong rebel, and will pay the price in jail.

**The Eagle's Wings**

In 1914, Germany was first, France was second, Great Britain was third, Italy was fourth and the United States was last in the appreciation of aircraft, measured by the amount of money each one was willing to spend on that arm of preparedness. Their appropriations for the military air service in that year were as follows:

Germany	\$45,000,000
France	\$12,800,000
Great Britain	\$1,800,000
Italy	\$800,000
United States	\$300,000

When the armistice was signed, on November 11, 1918, the personnel of the military air service in each of these countries was as follows:

	Officers and men.
Great Britain	295,000
United States	184,852
Italy	100,337
France	80,000
Germany	Unknown

Before the war was over both Great Britain and France began to plan for civil aviation. French contracts with airplane manufacturers obligated the government to maintain production at war-time rate clear up to March 1, 1919. Thus, French factories were enabled to get literally a flying start. On May 22, 1917—during the darkest days of the war in so far as England was concerned—an Imperial British Committee on Civil Aerial Transport After the War was appointed. This committee came to three major conclusions: (a) That Great Britain's cherished insularity was a thing of the past; (b) that an adequate air service was necessary to national defence; (c) that a correspondingly adequate system of civil aviation and private aircraft industry underlay national defence in the air. Therefore, the committee came to this final decision: "Cost what it may, this country (Great Britain) must lead the world in civil aerial transport." These findings impelled the British Parliament to make appropriations for the year 1919-20, as follows:

Experiments and research in civil aviation	\$15,000,000
Military and naval (joint service)	\$15,000,000
Total appropriated for the air	\$30,000,000

Following a similar line of reasoning

**The Way**

Secretary Root has fairly and frankly disposed of the argument that the covenant of the league of nations cannot be modified without interfering with the ratification of the treaty. He emphasizes the need of modifications which will clarify obscure passages in the covenant and better protect the interests of the United States. He offers reservation clauses, attaining these objects, which may be attached to the treaty without invalidating it, since they will stand as accepted unless other signatories protest against them. There is little probability of any other signatory making objection, if such objection would operate to keep the United States out of the league.

Ratification with reservations is a well established procedure. It is feasible. It involves no serious delay. And it will produce a better and more generally acceptable treaty.

**The Scapa Melodrama**

There is a suggestion of super-melodrama in the sinking of the German warships interned in Scapa Flow. Were it possible to connect the German government with this sensational enterprise it might be viewed as a spectacular gesture of defiance—a piece of futile curtain heroics, intended to expunge the memory of the very unheroic surrender of Tirpitz's vaunted high sea fleet.

Germany, cowed, broken, on the point of signing what her leaders have called a "treaty of bondage," suddenly orders her navy to go down, with either the Red flag or the old imperial ensign flying, in the waters of an enemy naval base! That might pique the imagination of the galleries at home and abroad.

But there is little possibility of imputing to the Weimar government any responsibility for what happened at Scapa Flow. The German ships there were delivered under the terms of the armistice to the Allied powers. Germany surrendered their custody. She renounced control of them. The armistice provided that the warships which it enumerated should be "interned in neutral ports or, for the want of them, in Allied ports, to be designated by the Allies and the United States of America, and placed under the surveillance of the Allies and the United States of America, only caretakers to be left on board."

The caretakers were entirely under the control of the powers which accepted surveillance. Had a neutral power consented to intern any of these ships it would have been responsible for their safety. Allied powers agreeing to intern them were equally responsible, for they were assuming custody of enemy property in which they not only had a direct interest but which they were holding in trust for all the nations at war with Germany.

Only a lax surveillance could have permitted the hatching and execution of the conspiracy which brought about the destruction of the majority of the enemy vessels lying in the Scottish harbor of refuge. It is useless to charge the German government with violating the armistice. The caretakers on the ships may have abused the trust put in them by the British naval commandant at Scapa, but he was there to see that the captured fleet was kept intact until the peace conference decided what to do with it.

Possibly the British Admiralty and the head of our own Navy Department may regard the loss of the German ships as a blessing in disguise. They favored a ceremonial scuttling of the surrendered battleships and battle-cruisers in the middle of the Atlantic. Difficulties in making an allotment among the Allied powers were to be met by destroying the capital stock to be distributed.

This solution naturally offended those who believed that it would have involved a wanton waste of material costing hundreds of millions of marks. Some of the Allied powers were willing to take German ships and have their value charged against reparations. A few of the neutrals might have been induced to bid for vessels which the belligerents could make no use of. Now a considerable cash asset of Germany has disappeared, and disappeared in a manner which leaves the Allied advocates of deliberate destruction no chance to claim that such destruction represented an altruistic effort to promote the reduction of naval armaments.

The Scapa Flow elimination has therefore all the ironical characteristics of an anti-climax. If the Germans had sent their fleet out to fight and had lost it, or even if they had sunk it in their own harbor before asking for an armistice, Germany might at least have retained her self-respect as a claimant for sea power. To destroy by stealth and treachery warships already surrendered only adds to the ignominy of

the French government is considering an Air Ministry, and in the mean time has made appropriations of \$220,000,000 for aviation in 1919-20.

The French are led by even stronger reasons than those which persuaded the English. Realizing that civil aviation must ever be closely allied with military, they point out that Germany is free to develop civil aeronautics, the only limitation, under the terms of the treaty of peace, being that construction shall not begin until six months after the pact has been signed.

This brings home to Americans a fuller realization of the inadequacy of existing legislation. Under emergency war laws such air service as we possess must disolve six months after the peace treaty is signed.

Shall we go from second place to last?

**Still Walking on Our Heads**

Only in a world given over to a "wonderland" conception of things could room be found for such a dispatch as that from Italy telling of a "strike of priests" at Loreto. Whatever the facts—and facts are not uncommon in news from Italy—here is the perfect climax of all strikes, beautifully imagined, at any rate, to justify any sinner in giving up his earthly existence and appearing before St. Peter with his tale of woe.

There are a few remaining classes who have never struck, but it is never safe to make a general assertion any longer on this score. Over here schoolboys have struck—and school teachers, too. The farmers will tell you that the cows struck against daylight saving. Suppose capital should go on strike. It would spite itself, you think? So does labor. What does that matter?

It is a restless hour of the clock. But the yarn out of Italy, representing the last word in strikes, comes a little after the peak as a matter of fact, Winnipeg Bolsheviks have tried the general strike and failed definitely, significantly. The strike is a feasible means of protesting, of blowing off steam. For the great majority of cases it is a weapon mightiest in its sheath, a dreadful thing to dream about, a powerful threat. Once it flashes in the air it becomes amazingly innocuous. Only when a strike comes do we realize how many things of modern life are utterly unnecessary. So the strike which begins by standing us all on our heads usually ends in planting us more securely on our feet, by demonstrating to us just how normal and self-supporting even the most effete of moderns are. Capitalists have recently been photographed unloading their own ships.

**The Victimized Prussian**

An article in which the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* bemoans the peace treaty clause assuring the right of self-determination to the Danes of Schleswig is as good an exhibit of Prussian junker mentality and morality as has come to our attention for some time. The Berlin newspaper presents the Prussian version of the Schleswig problem as follows:

"Certain measures of the Prussian government, referring to schools and language, were characterized by the Danes inhabiting North Schleswig as attempts of forcible Germanization. The Danes used these measures for pretext to organize in North Schleswig an irredentism of the wickedest sort. With all methods of the most ruthless economic and social boycott directed against their German co-residents, liberally supported with funds from across the border . . . the Danes carried on a fight of extermination against the Germans living in their midst. For every one familiar with the conditions it was evident that the governmental measures referred to were employed by the Danes merely as a pretext for the increasing Danification of North Schleswig."

Similarly, as everybody knows, certain measures of the wolf race, such as slashing open the throats of lambs, are used by sheep as a pretext to carry on a fight of extermination against wolves.

So much for the past. As to the future:

"The Germans will await with longing the moment when they can rejoice to the Fatherland the territory held so dear."

—a territory which since times immemorial formed an integral part politically, geographically, culturally, linguistically, economically and sentimentally of the Danish Kingdom.

But, after all, the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* may be but an irresponsible jingo sheet to which nobody in Germany pays attention. On the other hand, the *Hamburger Nachrichten* is one of the most substantial and representative organs of German commerce and finance. What does the *Hamburger Nachrichten* say on the subject?

"Schleswig must remain entirely German if it is not to become a flame from which a new gigantic conflagration shall one day burst."

One of the most curious features of that state of mind which is called pacifism or liberalism, according to the taste and fancy of its possessor, is its openness to any argument which savors of excuse for Germany.

**The Polish Dream**

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your issue of Wednesday, June 18, there is a reprint of an article under the title, "Poland, Child of the West." I do not wish to criticize the mode of the novelist, but I do wish to say that the flowers which he had strewn for New Poland to tread upon are not natural, real, but are a tinted effort of a word group, who has written that the reestablished republic will mean the saving of the world from all evil and will be a keeper of brotherly love, etc.

In his article he makes mention that the Poles are the most peaceful and lovable people who inhabit the globe—a revengeless nation (not the case when the Polish army forced itself into Lithuania as an unwelcome visitor).

Let these Polish dreamers dream of a Poland from sea to sea, but while dreaming of equality let there be no awakening to the fact that the Ruthenians and the Lithuanians will not go slumbering in Poland's dreamland forever. In the name of humanity and justice, dare I be permitted to ask: "Will Poland be allowed to ride on other nations and peoples with the Polish language and customs?"

THOMAS SHAMIS.  
New York, June 19, 1919.

**The Conning Tower**

REQUIEM

"Joseph Conrad, the greatest living writer of English."—New York Tribune.

Tell me, tell me, F. P. A.,  
When did Kipling pass away?

Evidently he is dead.  
["Let the burial rite be read."]  
Gone, before the frost of age  
Could tinge his laureled heritage;  
Gone, while yet his years were young!  
["Let the funeral song be sung."]

Tell me, tell me, F. P. A.,  
When did Kipling pass away?

All around the rolling world  
Let the English flag be furled:  
For his message was at one  
With the never setting sun:  
Welded into one the nations  
Live that read his great creations:  
For his voice was as a breeze  
Blowing from the seven seas:  
His prophetic soul had been  
Right through all the years between . . .

Little children, on their knees,  
Beg for "Just So Stories, please" . . .  
Older boys, a little row,  
Study still the jungle law.  
Adolescents tall and gamely  
Still compare themselves with Stalky.  
Youths adventurous and free  
Still applaud the soldiers three:  
While the prematurely "wise"  
Flirt with Mrs. Hauksbee's eyes.  
All who earn their daily rations  
Laud the hard of Occupations—  
Laureate of every hand  
Whether on the sea or land,  
Who toil and sweat (ill) day is done  
And count their daily wage well won.

Nothing that he has not seen!  
Nowhere that he has not been!  
Understanding great and small—  
Say of him, "He liked it all" . . .  
Always wise and always right,  
Always ready for a fight,  
"Damn all neutrals!" was his word,  
And a hundred millions heard!  
Ever watchful, ever ready,  
Like our own immortal Teddy—  
Gentle, human, sweet, and tender, . . .  
Never willing to surrender!

Beauty, truth, and justice, he  
Worshipped as a trinity  
[Three in One and One in Three].  
This was the tricolor flag  
That he bore without a brag  
That he never left to lag.  
He, whose soul was ever just,  
Never trailed it in the dust;  
Gave his well beloved son  
[Only one . . . oh, only one! . . .]  
That the will of God be done—  
That the endless realm of right  
Should triumph o'er the lust of might.

As an artist, what a man!  
Watch him, since our days began! . . .  
You and I, dear F. P. A.,  
Appreciate the worth of "They" . . .  
Nothing else so fine has been  
Written since our years were green.  
Count the humanizing tears  
Shed throughout the passing years  
By all the people everywhere  
Who read "The Brushwood Boy," and care! . . .

Master of good workmen—each  
Who tries to ply our English speech  
Adores him as a sovereign who  
Knights us as we kiss his shoe.  
Who, among the best of us—  
J. Conrad, or the rest of us—  
Can soar to the world-circling height  
That Kipling rules by winged right?

Never weeping, never base,  
He leads the Anglo-Saxon race!  
Endowed with guts and all that make  
A man, he fights for justice's sake!  
Let us celebrate him yet—  
"Least we forget, lest we forget" . . .

Tell me, tell me, F. P. A.,  
When did Rudyard pass away?

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

**The Starvation Strike—**  
A Bolshevik Experiment in Suicide

By Stanley Frost

THE glib gentlemen who are trying to induce labor in this country to bring about a Bolshevik paradise by way of the general strike have one stock argument, one "infallible" plan, which they produce as a clincher in their agitation for a revolt.

"Labor is fundamental," they say in effect. "Without it the world cannot live. We, the workers, support the whole social structure, since we only are producers. Therefore, if all workers stop work the social structure is certain to collapse, and in particular the capitalists, priests, press hirelings, policemen and thugs—to quote from one such argument—will starve."

Which is largely true as far as it goes. Certainly, if there were no work done for any considerable length of time the world would starve. Certainly, also, if even the transport of food into a great center of population like New York is stopped for even a few days—as New York has learned to its cost in the milk wars—incalculable misery is caused.

**The Theory of Starvation**

"Rather than face this starvation," continue these agitators, "society will surrender to the workers, and we shall rule."

This is, at this time, the revolutionary agitators' chief plan, the weapon on which they count most to bring about the social revolution they desire. Sabotage, which was in fashion among the Reds during the last few years, has somehow failed to disrupt society and is being forgotten.

The soviet schemers tried the starvation strike plan in Winnipeg, among the other revolutionary experiments attempted there—in fact, they tried it twice, and the double failure was one of the most valuable lessons of that city's illuminating experiences. The fiasco was so prompt, so complete and so overwhelming that it would have been wholly ludicrous had it not been for the very real suffering that was caused and the still more serious possibilities of wholesale tragedy that lay behind.

The hunger strike came to a crisis over the sale and distribution of milk, because this is the vital food for babies—who are neither Bolshevik nor capitalist; it spoils most quickly and must be kept in constant supply. The soviet had complete success in tying up milk distribution, as in almost everything else in the early days of the strike, and there was a time when not a girl could be had in the whole city of 200,000 for love or money. Of course, the babies suffered first and most, and "The Western Labor News," the official organ of the strikers, came out with this statement from the strike committee which tried so hard to be a soviet:

"Reports were fast coming in of children on the verge of death for the want of milk."

**Willing Zealots**

From conversations with radical leaders in Winnipeg and elsewhere it seems entirely probable that these leaders would have been willing to maintain their grip and let the babies starve. They seem mostly either of the zealot type, which would endure any suffering for others—and in many cases for themselves—in the effort to win, or they are of the class of calloused and hardened vagrants, far below the ordinary criminals, to whom no humane, sympathetic appeal will reach.

Their argument is that the civil class war which they admit they are waging has been brought on by the capitalists, that they are no more responsible for the suffering it may cause than the Allies are responsible for the suffering caused by their battle against German aggression, and that the principle at stake—the rule of the world by the "workers"—is so vital, while success in their fight will result in such wonderful things for everybody, that a few dead babies, more or less, are of little importance.

But the leaders quickly found themselves almost alone in this view. In the first place, the strikers felt that their own babies were of very considerable importance, and told the leaders so with emphasis. In the second place, there was an immediate and direct outburst of resentment against the strikers from all those not immediately involved, and the strike within a few hours lost the support of thousands who had been rather friendly. The radical leaders always argue that they

**Gorky Calling**  
to the  
Soul of Russia

After the revolution Maxim Gorky, the great Russian novelist, whose books formerly sold by the millions among his own people, turned editor and lifted "a voice in the wilderness" for reason and restraint. His paper is called "The New Life." His message is delivered in a series of short editorials, terrible in their direct and naked simplicity.

**The Ball of Snakes**

THE good, decent books which are the best implements of culture have almost entirely disappeared from the market. Why they have disappeared is a question by itself. The fact, however, remains that there are no more sensible books in Russia teaching things objectively. In contrast to the disappearance of good books is the startling growth of newspapers which, under the pretext of trying to answer the question of "Who is responsible for Russia's going to pieces?" are daily instilling hate and anger among people.

Of course, every one of the contestants is honestly convinced that all his opponents are guilty and that he alone is in the right. The newspapers, their teeth stuck fast in the flesh of each other, roll through the streets like a ball of snakes, and thus give a demonstration of what the so-called "freedom of the word" (freedom of the press) means.

The so-called free word is gradually being converted in Russia into an indecent word.

You hear: "In the struggle every one should use whatever weapon he wants."

You hear: "Politics is a thing without honor," and "The best politician is a man without a conscience." Even if one accepts this Zulu sort of morality for him, one cannot escape a feeling of anxiety for young Russia, which had just reached the sacrament of freedom.

For a long time the Russian prayed to his God: "Open my mouth." Now this mouth is opened and out of it come streams of hate, lies, hypocrisy, envy, greed. Love and passion may go along with these, but one does not feel these qualities. All one sees is a determined and successful attempt by the privileged classes to isolate the democracy, to heap upon its head all the mistakes of the past and to place this democracy in a situation which will compel it to enlarge upon these sins and errors of the past.

Some one writes to me: "The revolution has ruined Russia, because all have received freedom; we have everywhere anarchy now. The Jews, who received equal rights, are happy. They have ruined the Russian people. Only autocracy can save the country."

This is not the first letter of the kind that I have received. And it is to be expected that the number of such people, whom the anxiety of the times is depriving of their senses, will increase. The press will see to it that they increase.

It is, however, just in these days of haze and tragedy that the press should be thinking of how little developed in the Russian people is the sense of personal responsibility and how greatly we are accustomed to load upon others the responsibility for sins which are ours.

The Free Word (a free press!) Once we thought that the free word will imply in Russia a feeling of respect for human life and for human right. But in the epidemic of political impressionism which we are going through we are employing the freedom of the press to provoke strife and bitterness over the question, Who is responsible for Russia's going to pieces? Yet this is just the question over which there should be no strife or difference of opinion: we are all responsible.

Every one is accusing every one else. But no one attempts to set up will power and reason as antidotes to the storm of madness and outbreak of passions.

**Short, Snappy Corruptions**  
(From The Manchester Guardian)

To what extent are newspaper headlines responsible for the deterioration of English? The necessity to compress the pile of things into a few words leads to many strange corruptions. A word of any length necessarily suffers. An aeroplane becomes a "plane," a photograph a "photo," a telephone a "phone," and so on. "Big" is often used, because it is a little word, when it doesn't accurately convey the degree of size. Short, snappy words, in fact, are sprinkled all through the headlines of our papers, to the detriment of many words of dignity. These words have become so familiar to people's minds that they pass into speech and writing when even the sub-editor's excuse cannot be put forward, and the cinema threatens to make the evil more serious by adopting the same elliptical form for the catchwords that tell about the pictures.

**The Future of Bullfighting**  
(From The London Morning Post)

Is bullfighting really a national diversion in Spain? According to Señor Veneciano Fernandez-Florez, who has been writing on the subject in "Blanco y Negro," the Madrid journal, only a minute fraction of the Spanish population likes to watch bullfighting. He estimates the number of regular spectators at between fourteen and fifteen thousand, who go the rounds of the spectacles at Gijón, Santander, Valencia, San Sebastian and Seville. Even they confess that a man must smoke ten cigars and double of treble his brandy ration in order to sit through an afternoon's bullfighting. But for the fact that it is still a literary cult, thinks this authority, the whole horrid business would soon be abandoned.